

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

(SYDNEY)

MAGAZINE



Felling a Forest Giant.

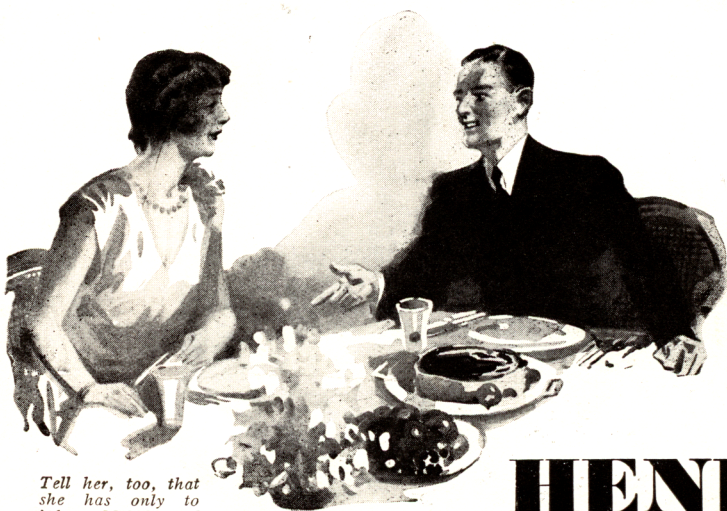


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TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 2. No. 12.

January, 1931.

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OUR CLUB

*THE LARGEST AND MOST UP-TO-
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The Dining Room is open on Sundays as well as on week-days.

Members may invite their gentlemen friends to Luncheon or Dinner.

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Tattersall's Club Sydney

Established 1858

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Treasurer:

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M.L.A.

Committee:

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Hubert Hourigan
George Marlow
J. H. O'Dea
John A. Roles
J. H. Saunders
F. G. Underwood
R. Walder.

Secretary:

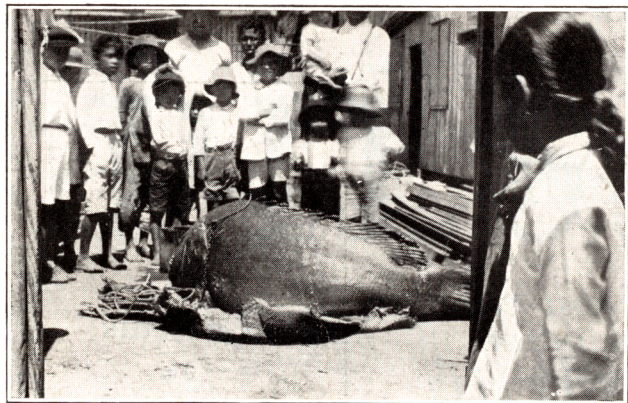
T. T. Manning



Fishing in Northern Australia

(C. Price Conigrave.)

All Northern Australian waters, both fresh and salt, teem with fish of many varieties. Darwin Harbour is no exception. On the western side of Port Darwin there is a queer, flat-topped hill known as King's Table, this having been named so by Captain J. Lort Stokes in 1839 after Lieut. Phillip Parker King, who, when he passed along the adjacent coastline in 1818, had



Rock Cod weighing 187 lbs., caught off Darwin Jetty.

sighted the hill, though, strange to say, he failed to discover the great harbour itself. Islands dot the surface of the harbour here and there, and there is sufficient depth of water to allow the largest sea-going vessels to come and go with ease and safety.

To the south-east of Darwin, and distant about eight miles, is Channel Island, which for long has been used as the quarantine station, and whereon is now being



Blackfellow spearing fish in North Australia.

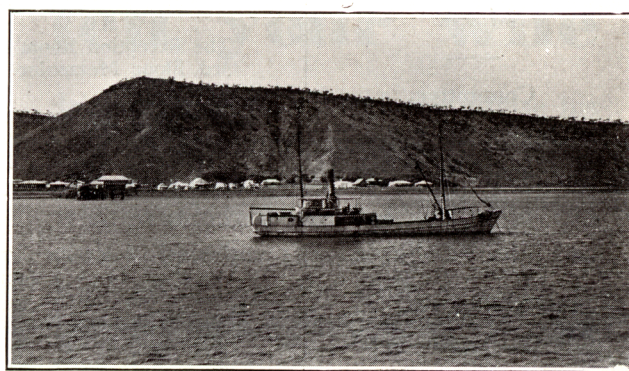
erected the leprosarium wherein are to be incarcerated the unfortunate people, both white and black, who have contracted the dread malady of leprosy. Years ago a Japanese diver, when he was investigating the harbour floor for possible pearl-shell beds, came across a strange swirl pool. The average depth thereabouts is seven fathoms, but this diver found an area of several acres where the sea floor had dropped to a depth of from twelve to fourteen fathoms, leaving round the area mentioned rocky cliffs with cavernous spaces. Long, trailing lengths of seaweed swung from the

rocks, and as the diver made his way through this strange, under-the-water world, he was astonished at the thousands of fish that swam by him. It seemed as if the fish, in their endeavour to escape from the strong rush of the tide, which is characteristic of Darwin Harbour, had selected this deeper place for their favourite feeding ground. When the discovery of this big hole



The Ord River, near Cambridge Gulf.

became known to Darwin residents the place was called for some obscure reason "The Town Hall," and to Darwinites this is the spot where they can on any neap tide, secure tremendous numbers of red snapper by means of hand lines. When fishing there, it is essential to catch the last hour of the ebb tide, which means that with that hour, plus quarter of an hour slack



The port of Wyndham, North Australia.

water (which is all we get in the north between the ebb and the flow) and a few minutes of the incoming tide, roughly about an hour and a half can be devoted to angling before the sweep and rush of the tidal current renders further fishing impossible. For the job an ordinary line, with a steel spreader having either two, three or four hooks, was used, this being weighted with a pound weight sinker. Baited with prawn or fish, over goes the line, and it no sooner touches bottom than there is a series of lively bites, and almost invariably the line is hauled up with a red snapper on every



hook. It is a great sport, but one soon tires of having to haul from a depth of 14 fathoms with four hefty fish on the hooks but all the same I have known four of us, in an hour and a half, to haul up 287 fish, most of them about two-pounders and nothing smaller.

Outside Darwin Harbour, towards Port Charles light-house, 16 miles away, we catch grey schnapper and other out-sized fish. Off West Point, there is a great, saucer-shaped depression in the sea bottom, and if one anchors in the centre of that, it being about half a mile across as the Admiralty chart shows, the sport

secured is sometimes exceptional. But it is not alone with hand lines that we get our fish in the Far North. Round about the Darwin beaches there are many fish-traps, distant a few feet from one another. With the rise and fall of the tide, which is 25 feet in Darwin Harbour, the traps imprison many fish as the tide recedes. The fish cover a wide variety, big sea mullet, bream, schnapper, parrot fish, rock cod, and many others, and it is safe to say that, from the edible point of view, Northern Australian fish cannot be excelled for flavour anywhere in Australia.

The Clubman's Diary

By "The Club Man."

IT would be idle to attempt to pull aside altogether the pall of "fell circumstance" from our New Year meeting; and yet puckered brows were singularly few by comparison with burdensome reflections besetting us as race-goers.

* * *

Meeting Well Conducted.

CLOUDS will clear, of course; and, in that happy reflection, let me survey the New Year meeting, socially. Crowds, if not as great numerically as in previous years, were not deficient in the spirit of old associations. That is an asset in reserve upon which we can draw in brighter days.

There were the Chairman (Mr. W. H. Whiddon) and his committee doing the honours cheerfully as hosts, without sign of dismay and, so far as the conduct of the meeting went, I can say genuinely, as an independent (and candid) observer, that the club did itself honour. The racing was first-class, and there was not a hitch in arrangements.

* * *

Popular Mr. James Barnes.

PERHAPS, if I have a sorry reflection, it is that Mr. James Barnes didn't win the Flying Welter with Starlike. Many in the official stand must have shared that sentiment, irrespective of their personal selections, for there was great satisfaction among those around the owner when Starlike showed up near the Leger. I heard a club member—about to take out on Bim Boy—say: "Well, I would like to have seen Jim Barnes have a good win."

Mr. Barnes took it all with the calm of one who has been racing many years. "Well," he said, smiling, "let's go downstairs and hear all about it."

* * *

A Glad Day.

MR. JOHN SPENCER BRUNTON, being a Scotsman, was in his element on New Year's day, and appreciated a story about Robert Burns. The poet was offered a farm of high productivity awa' from the beauties of Nature, or another, not calculated to provide much in worldly wealth, yet set in idyllic sur-

roundings. And, history says of Burns, "he made the poet's choice."

My New Year's wish to that fine old sportsman was that Jocelyn's foal would win yet another Metropolitan for its owner—like its dam and its grand-dam.

* * *

"The Inseparables."

THOSE inseparables, Mr. Leslie Barnett and Mr. E. J. Tait, were seen comparing notes, and, later, with Mr. Brunton, they made a happy party at "Whoopee." When E. J. was abroad he spent 100 nights on end—Sundays excluded—seeing shows, and was a little perturbed when, on returning, his friends inquired: "Well, how did you enjoy your holiday?"

The only real holiday that Mr. Tait has had in years was when he attended a meeting of the Dorcas Society, where to crack a joke means instant death.

* * *

How Mr. Marlow Picks 'Em.

I SOUGHT a tip from Mr. George Marlow because on an occasion when he picked a "roughie" I inquired: "Who put you on to it?" Mr. Marlow rejoined: "I picked it out myself. If anybody else had given me the tip I wouldn't have backed it."

* * *

Mr. Austin's Tolerance.

I LIKE to meet Mr. Ken Austin, because he is tolerant enough always to suffer my mug comments on horses that "look well." And that speaks volumes, also!

* * *

Seeing It In.

WELL, whatever 1931 may hold for us all, we at least greeted it cheerfully enough at the New Year's Eve dinner and dance in the club. To have staged this function was a particularly happy idea, for it welded us closer as club members, pledged our friendships once again and, incidentally, gave our womenfolk all the argument that a reasonable sex could desire as to relaxation of this home away from home.

Again we were indebted to Ted Henkel and his band and ballet from the Capitol Theatre, by kind permission of Union Theatres, for embellishing the hours.



Mr. Justice Evatt.

WE in a sense bask in reflected honour by the appointment to the High Court bench of Dr. Evatt and Mr. McTiernan, as, previously, in the elevation of Sir Adrian Knox. Modestly it may be claimed that their membership attests to the status of Tattersall's Club, and emphasises how sincerely we must preserve the ideals of this, our social rendezvous.



Mr. Justice Evatt.

Mr. Evatt won his way in life by scholarship, but he was in no wise a book worm or, as I once heard a wit observe, "dull with the brilliance of learning." Dr. Evatt was a keen sportsman, with football, perhaps, claiming his greatest admiration. Brother Clive, also a barrister, represented the State in Rugby League.

Mr. Justice Evatt was acknowledged in Parliament and at the Bar, as a forceful personality, far-seeing, painstaking—where others missed the point—and benevolent in his attitude towards his brother man. He enters a sphere, adorned by Australia's greatest intellects, in the prime of his life, and Australians feel proud of him.

Mr. Justice McTiernan.

SIMILARLY that may be said of Mr. McTiernan, one of those personalities that men refer to manfully as "lovable." His methods are quiet, and there is little in his make-up of the assertive; but he has force of character and strength of intellect that have applied in crises to the advantage and the credit, of legal, political and social interests he has so faithfully served.

It is a tribute to his quiet personal charm that Mr. Justice McTiernan may never be referred to, among intimates, other than as "Eddie."



Mr. Justice McTiernan.

Visitor from U.S.A.

A DISTINGUISHED visitor to the club has been Mr. G. T. Irving, manager of the Third District of the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio. He was introduced to Mr. G. W. Ivison, local manager of the company, and I am sure will carry away the happiest recollections of Tattersall's Club members and Sydneysiders in general. These cousins of ours from the U.S.A., speaking our mother tongue, sharing our ideals, always are assured of a hearty welcome.

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“Warming Up”

To think too much of the swing while playing a golf shot is usually disastrous. It is a difficult matter to be conscious at the same time of every detail of the stroke and still retain a modicum of concentration upon driving the ball to a desired spot. It is this difficulty which leads the average golfer to believe that the expert player

may think, indulged in for the purpose of learning something new, nor yet in the hope of substantially increasing skill already possessed. The sole and only purpose is to make whatever adjustments may be necessary to gain confidence and control.

When a player steps to the first tee without having hit a ball that day, he is taking a step in the dark. In every case he must feel his way for the first few holes until he can become oriented, and discover whether his clubs are going to feel like broom handles, fishing poles, or anything else than the ordinary golf clubs.

I do not think it matters a great deal whether the preliminary practice is satisfying or not, although if time permits, it ought to be continued until the shots begin to go. In five minutes one can hit as many shots in the practice field as in five or six holes of actual



Cardiff Lewis and Bill Goodwin.

must have nothing to worry about except hitting the ball.

We hear so much talk of “machine-like play” and the like that it is no wonder that a good player is thought of as an automaton who keeps swinging his clubs in the same groove day after day. Of course, it would be an exceedingly happy circumstance if such were the case, but it is unfortunately not yet so, and not likely to be so as long as those mortals who are unwise enough to struggle with the game remain in their present stage of advancement.

The expert has to make use of his golfing intelligence and experience every time he strikes a ball, and it is his ability to quickly discover and remedy defects in his swing which enables him to widen the space which separates him from the ordinary player.

That is the one great reason that I always try to manage five or ten minutes' practice before starting upon a competitive round. The practice is not, as some



Messrs. A. C. Berk and R. H. Brown.

play, and that should give ample opportunity to “get the feel” of every club. In this little work-out, or warming up skirmish, I like to give every club a little attention—that is, a few shots each with driver, spoon, mid-iron, mashie, and mashie-niblick, followed by a half-minute or so on the putting green with three or four balls.

Chick Evans appeared at Minikahda with a full set of



clubs equipped with square grips. "I like them," explained Chick, "because I can feel the corners and always know where the clubhead is." That is exactly what the few minutes of practice does for other people; it gives them a sense of location; they begin to know how their clubs will behave that day.

Often, of course, no irretrievable damage will be done by starting off cold, but it is almost certain that many uncomfortable moments will be experienced. It is never wise to count upon playing into one's best game after the match has begun. The time to get up steam is while



TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

18 HOLES BOGEY HANDICAP

Wednesday Afternoon

January 21st, 1931

at the Cronulla Golf Club

waiting at the station, not after you have started your journey.

Practice Avoids Trouble.

Here is a good place to speak of bunker practice, even though I mention it again in the chapter on the playing of short shots. Too much stress cannot be laid on this type of practice, as the greatest difference is always noted in the play around the greens.

As the play grows closer to the cup, and the need for touch and delicate control becomes more exacting, the one who has not been in intimate contact with his clubs for a great while will surely suffer. There is a great difference between the accuracy required to place a full iron shot on a fair-sized green and that needed to guide a ten-foot putt into the cup.

On every course, the weight and fineness of the sand is likely to be different, and since almost every shot from the sand is played according to the character of the surface upon which the ball rests, the niceties of

bunker play vary for almost every course. In other words, while the fundamentals of the stroke remain the same, the ultimate success of the shot depends entirely upon the exactness with which the resistance of the sand is estimated.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the disturbing effect upon one's entire game produced by a feeling of uncertainty concerning one's ability to recover well from bunkers around the green. The great value of a hazard is not that it catches a shot which has been missed, but that it forces a miss upon the timid player. How much greater is this mental effect when the player knows that he has not the ability to recover if he makes a mistake?

Whether a golfer plays in championship tournament or not, a few minutes of practice is an excellent plan to follow.

Tattersall's Golf Club

An innovation was introduced into the Golf Club's monthly outing in December in the shape of a mixed foursome. This outing was arranged for the benefit of members who had "golfing" wives and lady friends, and



One of Tattersall's Club golf outings.

there can be no question, from the number of entries, that the idea was favourably received.

About twenty-two pairs entered, and after very keen competition, Mr. and Mrs. Betts, with a handicap of 11 strokes, were successful with a card of "square." This won for them the two handsome trophies presented by Mr. H. H. McIntosh. Mr. and Mrs. Glynn and Mr. Gearin and Miss Dunne ran a close second, each pair having cards of 1 down.

For the benefit of those members who did not wish to take part in the mixed foursome, a four ball best ball competition was also arranged, and this was won by Messrs. W. McDonald and F. V. Richards with a score of 3 up, which entitled them to Mr. F. Alldritt's trophies.

Although the respective competitions finished rather



late in the afternoon, quite a large number remained for our usual ceremony at the "19th." Our President, the Hon. T. G. Murray, welcomed the ladies to our outing and pointed out that he felt confident the committee would make it an annual affair. At the same time he thanked the Elanora Club through their captain,



Wanganui River, New Zealand.

Mr. Harrison, for the use of the course, and complimented him on the state of same. Mr. Harrison in turn expressed the club's pleasure at having the members of Tattersall's Golf Club on their course, and pointed out that we would always be welcome guests there.

Result of the December outing held at the Elanora Country Club on Wednesday, 10th December, 1930:—

Mr. H. H. McIntosh's trophies for the Mixed Foursomes Handicap were won by Mr. E. L. Betts and Mrs. Betts.

Mr. F. Alldritt's trophies for the Four Ball Best Ball Handicap were won by Mr. W. McDonald and Mr. F. V. Richards.

Mixed Canadian Foursome Competition.—E. L. Betts and Mrs. Betts (11), square; C. M. Glynn and Mrs. Glynn (7), 1 down; M. Gearin and Miss Dunne, (18), 1 down; T. G. Murray and Mrs. Murray (15), 2 down; A. Buckle and Miss Kelso (18), 2 down; E. W. Forsyth and Miss Forsyth (18), 3 down; G. J. Watson and Miss Hay (15), 3 down; W. Cathro and Miss Buckle (10), 4 down; B. Riley and Mrs. Riley (10), 6 down; J. B. Dowling and Mrs. Dowling (9), 7 down; V. B. Audette and Mrs. Minter (18), 8 down; F. T. Eastment and Miss Helesby (18), 10 down.

Four Ball Best Ball Bogey Competition.—W. McDonald (6) and F. V. Richards (7), 3 up; H. R. McLeod (8) and J. McLeod (12), 1 up; W. Longworth (12) and C. E. Young (6), 1 up; A. C. Berk (15) and R. H. Brown (15), square; H. C. Parish (18) and G. L. Murray (18), square; A. R. Edwards (18) and E. Lashmar (15), 2 down; E. Vandenberg (18) and P. J. Schwarz (18), 2 down; E. Parker (11) and F. H. Brown (12), 3 down; S. E. Chatterton (12) and G. L. Gee (12), 4 down; W. C. Goodwin (11) and J. A. Kenyon (15), 5 down; G. Capel (4) and M. Polson (11), 5 down; J. T. Hackett (11) and E. Thorn (6), 5 down.

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Of members who have proposed or seconded one or more
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Each asterisk placed opposite a member's name denotes an additional new member proposed or seconded by him.

Alderson, R. H.*	Davis, R. C.	Iverson, G. W.	Norton, H. M.
Alldritt, F. R.	Davis, N.	Johnson, H. F.	Ogilvy, D. P.
Allen, Dr. J. C. B.	Dawson, Dr. A. L.	Kearns, D.	Packer, F. L.
Armstrong, Dr. E.	Dimond, R. V.*	Kelly, R. T.**	Parish, H. C.
Armstrong, W. V.*	Douglas, L. K.*	King, E. W.	Paton, J. A.
Ashcroft, C. A.*	Dovey, W. R.	Lamrock, J.	Pittar, A. T.*
Audette, V. B.*	Dowling, J.	Lamrock, W.	Pittar, H. R.*
Barnes, J.***	Dowling, J. B.*	Cawrence, S.	Polson, M. W.
Barnes, W. J.	Dunwoodie, G. V.	Lashmar, A.	Pratten, G.**
Bartlett, C.	Eldridge, P. H.	Laycock, R. W.	Richards, B. H.
Baume, F. E.	Emanuel, F. C.	Lee, R. F.	Richards, F. V.
Bartley, H. C.*	Emanuel, S.	LePage, F. H.	Richards, T. A.*
Bevan, G. F.**	England, H.	LePlastrier, J. S.*	Ring, G. B.*
Biber, S.	Falvey, E. J.	Levy, P. B.*	Rogers, A.
Bingle, A. S.	Farrar, Hon. E. H.*	Levy, Alf.	Royal, W. G.
Black, I. H.	Fitzsimons, T. M.	Lewis, C. E.	Row, F. L.*
Black, J. Y.*	Gainsford, J. H.	Lewis, D.	Samuels, M.
Black, D.	Gall, J. E.	Lillis, J. S.	Sanders, Q. C.
Bloom, L.	Gale, W. C.*	Lippman, J.	Scott, A. C.
Bohringer, C.	Gandon, A. P.	Livingston, H. D.	Scott-Fell, J. W.
Bolton, J. McLeod	Gannon, L.	Lloyd, Brig-Gen. H. W.	Scott-Fell, W.
Bowden, H. R.	Garlick, J.*	Logan, J.	Shankland, R. E.*
Brewer, E. H.**	Gaia, W. A.	Logan, W. H.**	Shave, L. C. H.
Brown, F.	Garner, M.	Lynch, D. W.	Shaw, J. A.
Brown, J.	Gillespie, A. C.	Madden, A. G.	Sheedy, E. P. M.
Brunton, J. S.	Gledden, Dr. A. M.	Manton, P. G.	Simpson, S. J.*
Buckle, W. W.	Goldberg, N.	Marks, E. S., M.L.A.	Smith, E. Temple*
Burcham Clamp, J.	Goldberg, S.	Marks, Ben.	Spurway, F. G.
Buxton, J. H.	Goldsmid, E. A.*	Marks, F. A.	Stirling, N.*
Callen, Dr. A. A.*	Greenberg, H.	Marshall, W. F.	Symonds, R.
Campbell, C. J.	Griffin, F. R.	Martin, D. N.*	Tasker, L.
Candler, W. J.	Griffith, D. W.	McDonald, H. L.	Thompson, C. G.
Carberry, F. J.	Griffiths, S.	McDonald, W. A.*	Turnbull, L. A.
Carr, G. W.	Gunning, W. P.	McEvelly, W. D.	Twohill, G.
Carroll, D.	Hackett, J. T.*	McGill, Q.	Vincent, T.
Carroll, S. J.	Hardie, A. B.	McHale, F. J.	Walder, R.
Cathels, R. C.*	Harris, A. O.	McHugh, H.	Walker, P. M.
Catton, R.*	Harris, C.	McLean, A.	Wallace, L.
Catts, N. S. H.	Hart, H. A.	McPherson, J. W.	Wallace, T. B.
Cawsey, W. H.	Hartland, J.*	Miller, F.	Wallis, G. M.
Chatterton, S. E.	Hatfield, R. M.	Miller, P.*	Wangenheim, J.
Chew, J. A.***	Hendy, H. J.*	Miller, R. S.	Watson, T.
Chiene, G.	Hickey, J.	Milliken, R. H.	Watson, G. J.**
Chisholm, R. M.*	Hicks, J. W., Junr.*	Molloy, J.	Weber, E. P.
Clancy, C. S.	Hill, A. C. W.	Molesworth, V.***	Westbrook, A.
Clark, W. J.	Hinwood, A. W.	Monte, G.*	Westgarth, D.
Cohen, G. J., Junr.	Hinks, L.	Moore, P. F.	Whiddon, W. H.*
Coward, F. H.	Hoggan, W. R.	Moss, E.***	White, H. E.
Coward, R. W.	Holden, T. P., M.L.C.	Morrison, J. S.	Whitehouse, A. J.
Chartres, A. H.	Holman, W. A., K.C.*	Murphy, E.	Wilson, Sir Victor
Christmas, H. P.	Horley, C. F.	Murrell, M. A.	Wilkinson, J. D.**
Conroy, N. R.	Hunter, K.	Nailon, G. P.	Williams, G. S.
Coyle, C. P.*	Hughes, H. G.	Nettlefold, E. A.**	Williams, H.
Crick, Guy	Hyams, B.	Newton, W. E.	Williams, F. C.
Crothers, W. W.	Ingham, A. C.	Norton, Ezra	Wilson, R. H.
	Inglis, C.		Wolf, R.

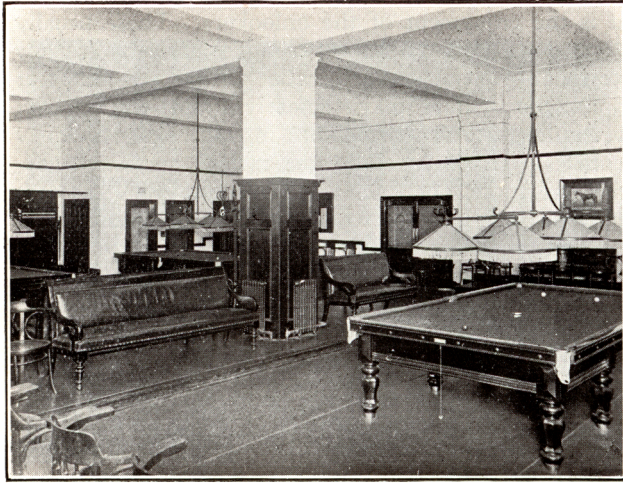
WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

J. H. Barker, Jnr. J. H. Brennand, J. G. Bridges, D. Craig, P. Dowling, Samuel Green, T. V. Healy, J. D. Hunt,
M. L'Estrange, R. MacGowan, E. S. Miller, P. N. Phillips, T. Keith Smith, J. S. St. Heaps, C. C. Vivian.

Billiards

It has been apparent for some time that, generally speaking, our leading amateur players are improving in their form and, that being so, it would be well if one or two members put in some sound practice with a view to the Club being represented in the forthcoming State and Australian championships.

Players should not make themselves slaves to billiards—nothing would be more absurd than that.



The Billiard Room.

Nothing is so destructive of all chance of becoming a good player as uncertainty of execution.

An imperfect bridge or a badly-chalked cue tip will cause failure of the easiest strokes.

The player who gets out of temper with himself, his opponent or the marker will stand but a poor chance against a cool and clear-headed player.

Billiards can only be properly played when the mind of the player is free from other cares.

An hour's careful play will make you a good player, especially if you are particular in the choice of your opponents and matching yourself, by preference, against good rather than bad players.

Humorous Side.

Two amateurs strolled into a well-known saloon where they played regularly, and engaged a table for their customary hundred up. After about twenty minutes' play one of the players slid his hand along the cloth and said to the marker, a popular and witty lad, "I say, Arthur, this table is dead."

Arthur replied: "I don't wonder at it, and if you don't play better than you have so far you may probably have to stand your trial for manslaughter, as I shall soon be dead also."

Another.

Two professionals were giving an exhibition, the admission charges to which were 3/- and 2/-. The play was very poor, as was also the attendance. One of the few present was about to pass the doorkeeper on his way out, but the latter stopped him and informed him that no pass-out checks were being given.

"Oh, that's all right," said the patron, "I'm not coming back again."

"Can't help it," said the doorkeeper, "You're not going out. You see, sir, if I let you go out the others will want to go out, too."

On Practice.

Beginners at billiards are apt to undervalue the worth of practising alone, but there can be no doubt that this is the sure road to success. The world's leading players indulge in plenty of individual practice, and some have taken quite an extreme attitude on the point. Walter Lindrum invariably knocks the balls about for an hour or two each day when getting ready for a match or a tour of the country. Davis, Newman, McConachy, Inman, Reece and other prominent players put in hours of solo practice.

Home, Sweet Home.

The return to the land of his nativity of Mr. "Billy" Longworth after an absence abroad of about nine months has given much pleasure to his very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Not so long ago since friend Billy caused his name to be notched high on the swimming calendar for great deeds accomplished by him as a champion. But not only was he a champion



Willie Smith, English billiardist.

swimmer, he has held the Metropolitan amateur billiards championship and the State snooker amateur championship, while he is also a vice-president of the Amateur Billiards Association, the members of which greet his return home with much fervour.

Empire Amateur Championship.

Our next season, commencing in May, promises to be one of the busiest and most interesting ever held in Australia, by reason of the fact that, for the first time



since its inauguration, the Empire Amateur Championship will be played in Australia, and it is anticipated that the invitation extended to the world's amateur champions to compete for the much-coveted title will bring forth nominations from England, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand. The title was won in Johannesburg, South Africa, two years ago by Mr. L. W. Hayes, a school teacher in the Department of Education, and, therefore, as the holder, he will defend the title. The games will be played in Sydney, as decided by the council, and the scene of battle will most probably be in the large concert hall of the Y.M.C.A., where Lindrum, Smith, and McConachy played their matches.

Billiards as a Soother.

Billiards requires brain work, and of a kind which is sufficiently engrossing to chase away all thoughts of work and worry, whether of business matters or of close study of science or art. The average player walks about two miles during an hour's billiards, and almost every muscle in the human frame is called upon during play. What is there about billiards which is so interesting and absorbing that it gives rest to the mind and clears it

of the cares of life? To begin with, the aspect and surroundings of the game are restful and pleasing. This of itself soothes the mind and causes disturbing problems to vanish. A well-appointed room such as the Club has, good tables set beneath brilliant lights, is not only a delight to the eye, but there is an entire absence of everything associated with one's daily routine work. The man who loves billiards—and he who does not has missed one of the best of good things of life—always views a billiards table with feelings of quiet enjoyment.

There is another form of pleasure in connection with the game of billiards which must not be overlooked, that is the enjoyment of the onlookers. These usually take as much interest in watching a game as if they were themselves handling the cue. There are plenty of people who seldom play themselves but who find a never-failing source of pleasure in witnessing the play of others. In every club, and indeed in every well-patronised room, one finds the man who is always content to sit and look on while a couple of moderate or good performers are giving a display of their skill. There is, then, ample recreation for all in this great indoor pastime—for the players, the spectators, and even for the referee or marker.

Swimming Notes

More Bouquets for our Pool!

Some of the best judges of pools in Australia, the Interstate contenders for the National swimming titles in Sydney, had a dip on January 9 and were tickled to death with everything connected with the athletic department.

The boys from Tassie were especially pleased, and expressed themselves as astounded at the charms of a pool such as they never dreamed existed in Australia.

There's no doubt about it that the fame of the Pool has spread, and no swimmer of note ever comes to Sydney without asking to have a look at it, and, having seen it, they are never satisfied until they have sampled the crystal waters.

Perhaps one of the best recommendations of the attractions of the water was given by Australian sprint champion Axel Suosaari, from Queensland, who had made up his mind to rest as he had to swim in the 440 yards Australian championship heats at night. But when he saw the others sporting round in the coolness it wasn't long before his good resolutions went West, and in he went.

Talking of the championships reminds that Hans Robertson, our Club champion and winner of the Dewar Cup last season, won a heat of the N.S.W. title race in the smart time of 56 2/5 secs.

Of the other finalists, Light, Cameron, and Hooper have swum in the Pool.

The event of the season, as far as Tattersall's Swimming Club was concerned, was the Christmas scramble festivities on Christmas Eve.

Quite a number of onlookers enjoyed the sport, and not the least interested was our ex-chairman, Mr. James Barnes.

The 40-yards event attracted three heats, and the handicapper dealt very leniently with two men swimming their first race with the Club this season, Messrs. Garnsey and Conroy.

They were betting odds on Conroy for the final, but Garnsey smothered him with pace early in the event and struggled home a good winner with Club secretary Jack Dexter a poor third, but happy in the possession of 150 "gaspers."

Quite a convivial party gathered round Mr. Garnsey after the race to help him sample his bottle of bubbly.

In a consolation event for lasts in the heats Stan Carroll took out, but rumour hath it that he had the "inside oil" that there would be a final of that nature.

An event for thought-readers, in which swimmers had to finish a lap nearest to a time written down by our old friend Jim Bartlett, was won by Mr. C. H. Woodfield by the barest of touches from Mr. Ken Bennett.

But the star turn of the day was the special match race between Messrs. Christmas and Bevan, one lap, winner take the lot, which was one bottle of fire water.

This was termed a veterans' scratch race, and they were the only two game to own up to the title, Mr. Jack Dunningham refusing to be classified that way, though someone did his best to give him a help along by pushing him in.

Anyway, the race was a great one, marred only by Mr. Bevan's failure to jump away cleanly, which failure cost him a couple of lengths and meant a nice victory for Mr. Christmas.

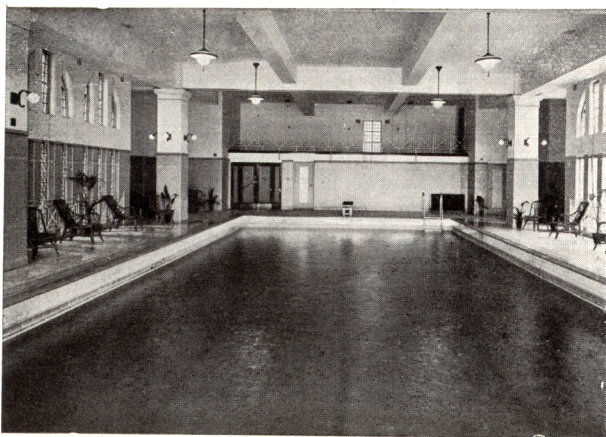
Mr. Bevan refuses to accept the result as an indica-



tion of superiority on the part of his rival, and there may be a special challenge any day now.

On December 18 a 100-yards handicap marked the end of the "C. P. Millar" point score series, and before the event the points were: A. Richards 7, F. Carberry $6\frac{1}{2}$, H. Robertson, C. H. Woodfield and S. Carroll 6, V. Armstrong $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Messrs. Woodfield and Robertson failed to appear in the deciding event, and the competitors in the final were V. Armstrong, S. Carroll, K. Hunter and N. Longworth.



The Swimming Pool.

In a slashing finish Armstrong won, and Hunter, by touching off Carroll for second place, gave the first-named his first swimming trophy.

Final points were:—V. Armstrong $8\frac{1}{2}$, S. Carroll 8, A. Richards 8, F. Carberry $7\frac{1}{2}$, K. Hunter 6, H. Robertson 6, C. H. Woodfield 6.

The closeness of the final scores testifies to the interest taken in the racing.

On January 8 the first race of the new year was held over 40 yards, the opening event of the "Friday Special" Point Score.

Olympic runner Charles Stuart contested his first event with the club, and though short of a gallop got into the final and swam a tie for third.

One Pool enthusiast, Mr. Scougall, doesn't think that the members are going far enough in their races, and, after hearing them talk about the times they could do over 200 yards decided to call their bluff and put up an inducement for a race over that distance before he left Sydney for a short absence.

The Dewar Cup contest, for points in all events, continues to hold interest, and the points up to and including January 8 are as follow:—S. Carroll 19, K. Hunter 18, V. Armstrong $17\frac{1}{2}$, A. Richards 17, H. Robertson 14, J. Smithers $11\frac{1}{2}$, F. Carberry $11\frac{1}{2}$, J. W. Searcy 7, C. H. Woodfield 7, J. Dexter $5\frac{1}{2}$, J. D. Wilkinson 5, K. Bennett $4\frac{1}{2}$, F. Packer 2, C. P. Millar 1, K. Wheeler 1, N. Longworth 1.

Results of races since the last issue of the magazine:

60 Yards (Dec. 4), 1st Heat.—C. H. Woodfield (44), 1; J. W. Searcy (54), 2; S. Carroll (39), 3. Time, 42 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. 2nd Heat.—A. Richards (37), 1; V. Armstrong (46), 2; H. Robertson (31), 3. Time, 37 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. 3rd Heat.—F. Carberry (35), 1; J. Dexter (37), 2; K. Hunter (35), 3. Time, 34 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. Final.—C. H. Woodfield 1, F. Carberry 2, A. Richards 3. Time, 41 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

80 Yards (Dec. 11), 1st Heat.—F. Carberry (48) and H. Robertson (45), 1; K. Hunter (50), 3. Time, 46 and 43 secs. 2nd Heat.—S. Carroll (56) and A. Richards (52), 1; J. Dexter (53), 3. Time, 53 $\frac{4}{5}$ and 49 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs. Final.—A. Richards 1, F. Carberry and S. Carroll, 2. Time, 50 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

100 Yards (Dec. 18), 1st Heat.—K. Hunter (66), 1; N. Longworth (62), 2; J. Dexter (66), 3. Time, 63 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. 2nd Heat.—V. Armstrong (87), 1; S. Carroll (72), 2; A. Richards (67), 3. Time, 83 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. Final.—V. Armstrong 1, K. Hunter 2, S. Carroll 3. Time, 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

40 Yards Xmas Scramble. Final (for firsts).—W. K. Garnsey (25), 1; W. Conroy (35), 2; J. Dexter (24), 3. Time, 23 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs. Final for lasts.—S. Carroll (24), 1; J. Smithers (22), 2; V. Armstrong (28), 3. Time, 24 secs.



The Dewar Cup.

Mystery Race.—C. H. Woodfield, 1.

Veterans' Race.—Mr. Christmas, 1; Mr. Bevan, 2.

40 Yards (Jan. 8), 1st Heat.—A. Richards (22), 1; C. S. Stuart (20), 2; J. W. Searcy (33), 3. Time, 21 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs. 2nd Heat.—J. Dexter (23), and K. Hunter (22), 1; V. Armstrong (28), 3. Time, 22 $\frac{3}{5}$ and 21 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs. Final.—A. Richards 1, K. Hunter 2, C. S. Stuart and J. Dexter 3. Time, 21 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.



How is Your Bridge?

Leading Against "One No Trump." A Difficult Decision

(By John Darrack.)

At one table the other day the problem was asked: What is the best lead from the following hand against a no trump declaration, the partner not having bid?—

Spades: A Q 10 x x

Hearts: x

Diamonds: A x x

Clubs: x x x x

It is safe to say that a committee of first-class players would come to no unanimous decision about the best lead here. One of the three spade honours must be

(b) The fourth highest card of our partner's suit, if you have four or more.

(c) If you have a suit of your own which you know definitely must be stronger than your partner's suit, a card from your own suit which will show your partner the strength of it.

(d) If your partner has not bid, and you have no strong suit of your own, the fourth highest card of your longest suit.

There are other leads that occasionally occur, especially on freak hands and when the bidding has left you with an unexpected opportunity to snatch enough quick tricks to defeat the declaration. The leads given above provide the right opening nineteen times out of twenty; they assume that you have a fighting chance of establishing a suit against the declaration.



Bridge Club Evening



10th FEBRUARY, 1931

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led—it is undoubtedly sound to lead an honour from a suit headed by three honours. But which? The ten appears best, since it seems to guarantee command of the suit after the second round. Many expert players, however, would lead the ace.

Without the ace of diamonds in the hand, however, which is a valuable re-entry card, there is a school of thought that would favour the leading of the fourth highest spade.

This is one of the problems of bridge that no analysis will solve—even a thousand hands might not prove one lead definitely better than another.

The recognised leads against a no trump declaration are:—

(a) The highest card you have of your partner's suit, if you have less than four.

A typical example of a no trump declaration, and the lead against it, is the following.

South "One no trump"; West, no; North, no; East, "Two Spades"; South and West, np; North, "Two no trumps."

West has to lead from:

Spades: 8 6

Hearts: x x x x

Diamonds: K x x x

Clubs: x x x

The conventional—and, from this hand, the only correct—lead is the eight of spades. West has no chance of establishing a suit of his own. His partner will recognise the eight of spades as being the highest spade West possesses. His own hand may include:

Spades: K Q x x x

He now knows that he has the ace and jack against

him—information that he must have if he is to establish the spade suit effectively.

Overcalled Suits.

Many players have a superstition that it is losing play to lead the partner's suit when the declarer has overcalled it with no trumps. This is particularly noticed when the suit has been over-called twice. "One diamond, one no trump, two diamonds, two no trumps."

The argument is that the declarer must have the diamond suit stopped, or he would not have overcalled it.

On the other hand, the fact that the partner has called diamonds twice proves that he must have tricks in the diamond suit. If you do not open it for him he will undoubtedly open it himself later—probably at a serious disadvantage. The best defence against a bid of two no trumps is to establish a suit, and unless you have a better suit than the diamond suit seems to be, it is obligatory to lead the partner's suit to him.

There are players who use the fourth highest convention as a kind of brain saver. Having heard nothing from the partner, and seeing nothing very promising in their own hand, they throw out the fourth highest of the longest suit with a second thought.

It is safe, they reflect, and, at worst, informative.

Monthly Bridge Evening.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by bridge-playing members of the Club and their lady friends on Tuesday, December 9. The usual five rubbers were completed, and it was found that the highest score had been recorded by Mr. F. Plasto and Mrs. Baker, the runners-up being Mr. Chiene and Mrs. Roles. They accordingly received the prizes donated by the sub-committee.

Mr. J. A. Roles, on behalf of the club, wished all present the compliments of the approaching festive season, and paid a tribute to those members of the sub-committee, particularly Messrs. J. Dowling, W. Dalley, and A. Langley, who had organised this series of pleasant monthly gatherings. It was their intention, he said, to continue during the coming year, and it was hoped that there would be a constantly increasing attendance.

The monthly bridge evening has proved a most popular and successful innovation, and members who have not already experienced the pleasure of being present should "turn over a new leaf" for 1931. They will pass a few hours in congenial company, and will be doing something to foster and encourage the spirit of good fellowship which is always associated with an up-to-date club such as Tattersall's.

The committee of the Bridge Club desire to tender their thanks to Mr. W. Scott for donating playing cards, which were very acceptable and much appreciated.



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A typical landscape in the New Zealand Alps.



The Rink Game

When to Trail—And when to Fire :: Choice of Shots

(By "Jack O' Green.")

What makes the first-class bowler?

First, accuracy in the draw to the jack. That is vital.

Good bowling, however, is not entirely a matter of drawing. The fascination of the game is in the wide choice of shots that the expert player has. The way is never blocked for him. And, because he can vary his methods, he can bring strategy to bear.

Take a typical head in a single-handed game.

Your adversary has both woods lying near the jack, but not so near as to make your situation hopeless. You have delivered one wood, which is lying a yard or so above the jack, and somewhat to the right.

A good drawing shot will certainly not be wasted, but it is not the perfect shot in the situation.

Many players would consider using a firing shot. "The strike," however, is often a policy of despair—especially at such a time as this, where the advantage of the adversary is not so great that there is nothing else left to be done.

The correct strategy is a backhand trailing shot, to carry the jack away from the adversary's wood, and to your own back bowl.

Trailing shots, played to "rest" the jack on to another bowl, are among the prettiest in the game. They are as useful in the rink game as is single-handed play—in fact, more useful, for if the adversaries make the tactical error of allowing the skip to group woods behind the jack, a single trailing shot at the right moment can change the whole end.

A firing shot can do the same for that matter, but where firing shots must always be "chancy," a trailing shot can be the minutely calculated conclusion to a well-planned head.

Where players trail well, the less artistic striking shot is not so much used.

Judgment of the run of the green is highly important in trailing, for the jack must be carried by one wood to the other wood. Merely to knock the jack in the right direction is not so effective.

Strangely enough, in a rink of four, it is quite frequently the second player who is called upon to bring a trailing shot into play. If the leader's wood has not quite made the position that is wanted, the second player may be asked to rest the jack in relation to it.

That is why a player should study trailing shots as soon as he has acquired some proficiency in drawing to the jack.

The player whose ambition is to skip a rink must be a master of the trailing shot, and a shrewd judge of the time when to use it.

A skip, having no one to say him nay, is tempted to prefer the firing shot. An unlucky firing shot, however, may give away more than a few points, and, as I have said, there must be an element of luck in firing.

Excessive firing is often a clear sign that the end has not been well built-up.

That may be the fault of the adversaries. They may have gone "jack mad," and piled all their woods on to

the jack with no thought of what the effect of a smite from the opposing skip might be. Or it may be the fault of the skip himself, for allowing himself to be outmanoeuvred by the opponents to the point where he is compelled to take the gamble of a shot that may or may not win him points.

A good skip builds soundly, rather than spectacularly.

He makes certain that there is not going to be a "hatful" of points either way. In preventing the adversaries from piling up a score, however, or in building the end to the advantage of his own side, he will try to leave room for a final shot that will settle the issue most definitely in his favour. And that final shot is likely to be a trailing shot to a well-feathered nest.

Men who have been playing the game for some years, and who seem to make little progress, should ask, "Am I too haphazard in my methods?"

At times, the temptation to deliver the wood purely at a venture—hoping for the best rather than seeing any real reason why the best should come—is very strong. The need for visualising the intended path of the bowl is stressed. If a more difficult feat than a plain attempt to draw to the jack is essayed, it becomes all the more necessary to know exactly what you intend to do, and how you will do it.

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